



Noah stands by the water, bringing his arms up over his head to stretch them out. His shirt untucks, belly bares, and the man with him, a man his father's age, takes it all in -- the skin, the smooth brown hairs, the muscled dip, and the fat impress of Noah's cock against the front of his jeans, not erect, not yet, but fattened and lengthened, making a drop to the left of his fly. The man swallows a suddenly inordinate amount of saliva that has collected on the center of his tongue.

Noah says, "This is no place to be at night," and the man agrees and says it's okay now because it's daytime; and Noah says it is okay now and he turns toward the man, staring down at him, because the man is squatting and tugging out blades of grass from the dirt. "I'm not a gay," Noah tells him, and the man says he isn't one either, and Noah says back, "But you are -- I can tell by looking at you. You've never even been with a woman," which is true, but offensive, the man thinks, getting up out of his crouch, coming to his full height, some three inches taller than Noah. He is not a soft man, not anything like Noah's father, not by any means; his arms are thick with muscle, twice the size of Noah's, and his chest is full and wide. Noah has not touched a man with such a big chest. He's not sure he wants to now. He has a friend named Kevin who is not a gay either, whose chest is nearly as big as this man's, but he does

not come to this river with Noah, does not even know about it, Noah thinks, does not know what goes on here, the men that come here, the things they do. Imagine Kevin coming here, he says to himself, and his cock moves, becomes more apparent, so that Noah even notices it, looking down and catching sight of it, hanging heavy and fat inside his pants leg. He looks then at the man, Noah's expression indecipherable to the man, who thinks -- hopes -- then that Noah must be trying to say: What will you do about this?

The man's name is Mike, and he was almost with a woman once, but it did not work out, and he ended up leaving her apartment and walking home at four in the morning through a cold mist. He did not live very far away, and the walk did not take him so very long, but the rain made him miserable, not to mention the course of the evening, the way it bore itself out. He did not like failure and decided there, on his way home, rain running down the back of his neck, that he would try again and that it would be different, but he never did try again.

They follow the river, Mike following Noah, watching his shoulders, his waist, his ass and legs. He likes the way this one looks, his short-shorn hair, the scruff on his chin, his shuffling feet. What Noah likes about Mike is the way he drove by Noah's pick-up, catching sight of Noah, looking away, then looking back again with his mouth shaped by what he was thinking: "Oh."



Noah holds a branch to keep it from swatting Mike, and Mike steps past Noah, his hand brushing against Noah's hand casually, intentionally, and Noah catches it up in his own because they are far enough from the dirt road not to be seen, and he brings Mike's hand to his mouth and kisses the back of it, pressing it against his cheek for a moment, then taking one of the fingers into his mouth. This is not anything that Mike had expected. What he'd expected with a boy like this one was to go to his knees to accept the proffered erection, to suck this one off, to be used blatantly and without apology or thanks. He's been with that type before and quite honestly, he prefers them.

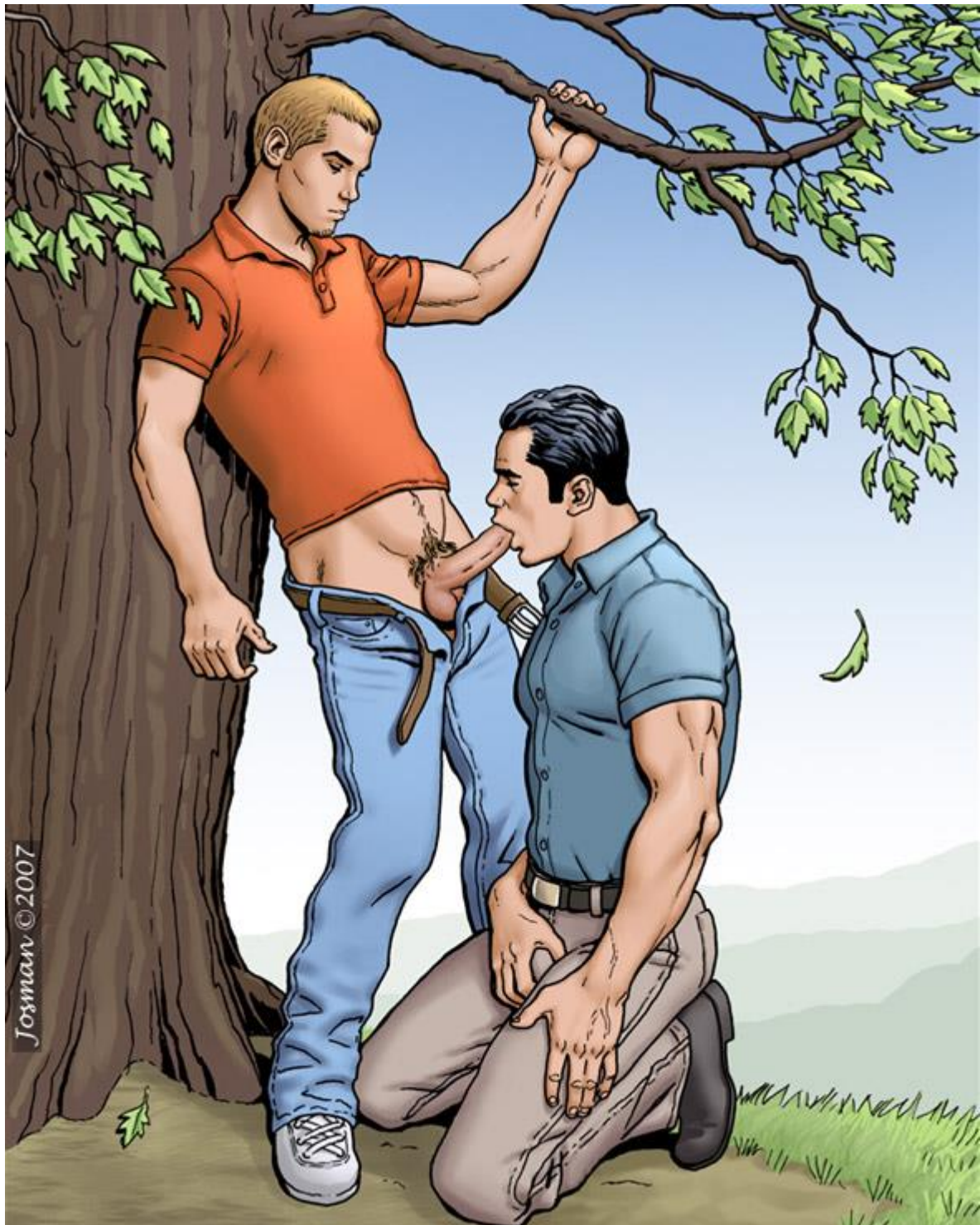
Noah put his hands on the man's chest, gripping his pecs. This is where he wants to put his cock, he is thinking, seeing the tight crease he makes when he pushes the two slabs of muscle together -- the man's shirt is opened that much. He opens the shirt more, all the way, and takes it out of his pants, running his hands along the man's stomach, which is flat and smooth, there's no hair anywhere on his torso. He thumbs the man's nipples, brownish-pink, fat and hard. He watches the man's eyes close.

He fumbles with pants fastenings, tugging at the belt, the buttoned fly. He feels the man's prick through thin cotton boxers, wet through already, the bone-hardness of him. He is quick to go to one knee, to put his face against the moist cotton, his lips against the stony cloth-covered shaft. He lets the man play with his hair, with his ears, even allows him to stick his hand down through the neck of his tee shirt and rub along his spine. Noah noses under what covers Mike's balls, licking across them, biting at them, smelling them, and everything is fine, everything is cool, until Mike thumbs down the waistband of his boxers, baring his cock. That's when Noah leans back, feeling confronted and out of control. That's when he gets off his knee and stands, stepping back against a tree he's found himself suddenly up against, pulling roughly at the buttons of his own fly and getting out his prick which has raged until this point, trapped uncomfortably in his jeans.

"You suck my dick," Noah says, and it's supposed to be a statement, but it comes out like a question that they both hear. Mike pulls on his own hard-on, contemplating the bulbous head that has a sparkle of precome oozing up out of its slit, stalling, but smiling inside -- he wasn't wrong after all. This one wants to think he's in charge, he's thinking -- this one's textbook, he's thinking. So Mike says, "I don't know," hesitating, shaking his head, looking at Noah's beautiful uncut dick, red head peeking out of a thick roll of skin. Noah sees him looking and pulls the skin back, revealing the whole of the head, the delicately flared flange -- "No wonder they call them helmets," Mike's thinking -- the buttery drippings from its deep slit.



"I hate them," Noah is thinking, watching the bob of Mike's dark head, feeling the hot slide of his mouth along his shaft, lips tightening at the base, taking all of him. "I hate them all," he whispers softly, the bark of the tree he leans against tearing between his shoulder blades. He touches the tree instead of Mike, but shoves his prick down the man's throat, wanting to choke him, wanting to hear him gag and moan.



Mike leans back, a thread of spit hanging between his lip and Noah's cock, a bright and sagging connection that droops and sways and breaks. "Fuck," Mike says, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, taking hold of Noah's dick and squeezing it hard, the end flaring crimson. He stares up at Noah's mouth, Noah sees, and he licks his lips and then he stands, putting his face into the crook of Noah's neck, kissing him there, and Noah stops breathing and lets it happen a while longer until he twists away, the bark ripping his back up, and he says he can't.

"Can't ?" Mike asks, a smile on his face. He's thinking he can push this one, push and push, that there is no boundary he won't cross. "But you can," he says easily, making his smile less knowing, more congenial, a smile that says Please, a smile that says Kiss me; and he leans closer to Noah, who looks away and draws himself closer, letting his chin be kissed, letting Mike press his lips into the corner of his mouth.

Their hips meet and cocks butt, and Noah moans, sliding up against Mike's thigh, accepting his tongue with a wide open mouth, what he always wanted, he's thinking -- wasn't it what he'd always wanted? How many times had he watched Kevin at the bar talking to some dumb fuck on a stool, chatting him up and drinking his shots, his mouth loose and easy, lips animated and seductive? How many times? And hadn't he gotten sucked in the same way? He opens his eyes and looks into the sun, still bright between green leaves overhead, sparkling and dappled, and the flip of Mike's hair off his forehead, a dark shimmer.

And Mike twists, their lips still together, but his waist pivots until he feels Noah's cock against his ass cheek. "Oh, dude," he says, using a vernacular he's picked up off the internet and MTV; and then he says Baby, yeah, which suits him, he knows, but sounds stupid and old, very uncool. He presses himself back against Noah, making himself accessible, wanting to be accessible, wanting to feel Noah's cock in the split of his ass, the drippy head poking around, loose-skinned, hard like stone. He brings his arms up over his head, his biceps engorged and framing Noah's head, making him feel loved. Noah licks one and then the other and strums his fingers over Mike's taut belly, fingertips catching onto stubble, dipping into the divot of his navel, stroking a sudden puff of pubes and the stiff rise of Mike's hard-on.

He knows about fucking, Noah does, but just girls, so he does not catch on right away what Mike wants him to do because he's never really thought about it before, not that, not fucking men, but Mike's ass is doing a dance all over his cock and getting greased up and giving Noah some shudders, his back rasped and stinging but mattering little now, he didn't care about anything right now. He put his hands on Mike's hips, smooth and oddly muscled.

"I would like to draw you," he hears Mike say and he laughs because he thinks it's a joke, and his cock bends painfully until Mike crouches a bit and Noah's cock-head hits something that gives a bit.

"I'm serious," Mike breathes, feeling the bulbous end of Noah's prick against his asshole, and he leans back against it and is filled with it, a painful plunge that feels like tearing, and Noah puts his face against the back of Mike's neck, biting and licking and biting, and he says, "Okay, okay, okay."

"I like it," Mike says when Noah pinches his tits hard, hurting them, pushing himself into Mike's bottom, the hole sticking to him like hot rubber.



He can smell the smell they've made already, and he wants not to be as close to the end as he is, but his cock is dribbling anyway up inside Mike's guts, sputtering creamy clots of come. Babies, he's thinking, and Mike turns and says it, says, Baby, and Noah pulls out, a stringy, stinking white rope hanging from the end of his dick, and Mike turns, fisting himself, teeth gritted and eyes hard on Noah's, making himself shoot a wet spray across Noah's workshirt, dotting him, soaking him, making them both laugh uneasily, Mike dabbing at the



come he lost, Noah looking down at the deep crimson head of Mike's cock, the bubbling split.

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He watches Kevin tap beer, watches his hand on the tap, his wrist, his forearm, the crook of his elbow, the way the skin pales at his shirt sleeve, the big round bulge of biceps. He is nodding along to some rap song on the jukebox. Charlie is at the end of the bar, cheek bulging with chew, sipping beer over ice. Kevin places the beer in front of Noah, doesn't take any money from the pile Noah has in front of him. He has green eyes and dark hair, bright white teeth. He smiles now, doing his homey nod, white gangsta act. He blew a bone with Noah in the back, leaving Charlie in charge. Noah scratches at his chin, the scruff itching, digging his fingers into it.

"Did I tell you how much that reminds me of my ex-girlfriend's bush, Noah?"

"Fuck you," Noah replies, unable to stop himself from pinching the hairs and pulling them hard.

"You wish," Kevin says, and Noah thinks about it, about fucking Kevin the way he fucked that guy down by the river. Imagine, he says to himself, watching Kevin lean into the sink to wash glasses, but he can't imagine Kevin naked. He's tried and tried.

Kevin closes the bar early because there's no one there but he and Noah, and Kevin's been drinking anyway. He locks the door and stands in front of the surveillance camera, giving it the finger, saying, "Whitey's gonna love this." And he grabs his crotch for good measure.

"Doesn't he get pissed?" Noah asks, seeing Kevin shrug and dig into his pocket for another dollar for the juke box.

"If he does, he doesn't say anything," Kevin says. He goes around the beer, looking at himself in the mirror behind it, brushing back the hair over his ears as though it were longer and unruly. Noah catches his eye in the mirror and looks away, and Kevin says he's hungry. He comes over to where Noah is sitting and leans on the bar, looking at Noah. "Are you hungry, Keller?"

"I am, kind of," Noah says.

"I had a teacher in fourth grade, his name was Keller," Kevin says. "He was a fag."

"Whatever," Noah says, and Kevin laughs, looks around for his beer, finds it by the register. He turns up the volume of the music. The bass rattles the wine glasses that hang by their stems like dusty bats. Noah moves on his barstool, uncomfortable suddenly, and a little paranoid about his mouth, feeling his lips stick to his teeth. He swigs down more beer and thinks about not going to work the next day, wondering what his uncle will say if he calls off again. "Goddammit, do you want a job or not, Noah," he'll probably say, but he'll let



Noah take the day off and pay him for it, too, and claim later not to remember Noah's not being there, and he'll say, "Well, we'll take care of that next week, boy."

Kevin cashes out his drawer for the night and puts the money in an old shaving kit and hides it under one of the booths, holding a finger against his lips, then saying, "We're mighty up-to-date here at Whitey's."

He comes up beside Noah, shouldering against him. "What are you up for now?" he wants to know, and Noah shrugs.

"Anything, I guess," he says, and Kevin takes his beer, Noah's, and drinks it down.

"You guess?" he says, as though he's just heard what Noah's said, and Noah nods because he doesn't know what else to do, and Kevin starts to dance.

Noah watches him, the way he bounces, swings his arms, pivots on one heel.

"I'll tell you, man," Kevin says, almost beaming, going back into the music.

"What," Noah says, smiling in return, unable to help himself, feeling warm and foolish "I don't even fucking know," Kevin says, laughing.

\*

Because Mike gave him his telephone number, Noah calls him at two-thirty in the morning.

"It's Noah," he says, as though that's a good enough excuse for calling so late, and for Mike it is, and he tells him where he lives so that Noah can come over, and he greets Noah at the door, naked, and Noah falls onto him, his beery breath giving him away, and they grapple, kissing, wrestling for some purchase, some mutually assumed dominance, only neither one wants to shoulder the responsibility tonight. It's too late for Mike, and Noah is suddenly too drunk, and they half-waltz, half-fight into Mike's bedroom where they fall upon the bed, and Noah stays on top and works his way between Mike's legs, his pants-bound cock throbbing, pressed hard against the man's bared genitals. "Take them off," he hears Mike tell him, and he struggles with the fastenings only to be thwarted again and again, the buttons not giving in to his clumsy fingers. Mike rolls him over, straddling his stomach, inching up his chest, trying to get his cock into Noah's mouth, but Noah is fixated on his own fly and trying still to get it undone, his cock soft and forgotten now, and he gives up, gives in; the beer sucks him up, and he closes his eyes and is gone, and Mike slaps his dick against Noah's lips, the fat head wet on its own, but Noah's lips are slack and a soft sigh slips out of them just before he begins to snore.

In dreams, he lies beside Kevin, on a beach, on a forest floor, on the cold hard cement of the bathroom in Whitey's Saloon. Kevin puts his hand on Noah's chest, fingertips brushing his nipple, making him shy. "I want to," Kevin says, over and over. "I want to. I want to." And Noah wants him to, but he

can't speak, in this dream he's mute, and he watches himself struggle with speech, but there's nothing coming out of his mouth for all his struggling except spit and frustration. Kevin shushes him with his finger and then his mouth and they're kissing and Noah is worried about his breath, that it smells, and Kevin rolls onto him, putting himself between Noah's legs, their thighs bristling, Kevin's cock rolling thickly between them, crushing Noah's which is soft still, and Kevin says to him, his mouth warm and moist against his ear, "Where's your cunt, bitch?" And in another dream, he is sitting naked on a barstool at Whitey's, and everyone is pretending they don't see him, but he knows that they do, and Kevin is on the phone, scratching himself and looking bored and saying things that sound German.

He wakes up in the dark, in Mike's bed, against Mike's shoulder. Mike's mouth is open and his breathing is quiet, but his hand twitches under the covers, near Noah's hip, which is bare, and he finds himself naked and aching hard and unable to move for fear of waking Mike up. He can make out his profile, lighted by a pale glow emitting from a lighted clock dial on the nightstand beside him. Mike curls into him then, saying something or maybe just making a noise, but Noah says What? and Mike wakes up and he puts his sleepy mouth on Noah's and they begin to kiss. They slide together, closer, and Noah finds Mike's uncovered cock and he thinks, I am naked in bed with a man, and then Mike moves his hips and his cock slips beside Noah's cock, and Mike's lips slide down Noah's neck, and Noah sucks in his breath, and he presses his cock hard against Mike's cock, and they move together like that for a while, breathing into one another's mouth, tongues smearing spit, dicks smearing jizz, tangling up against short hairs, humping over bony hipbones, creating a slippery trail to slide against again and again, and Noah's hands roam the muscled contours of Mike's body, the stony backs of his arms, the dips and divots of his back, a fur patch he discovers at the small of Mike's back. He grabs hold of the meaty slabs of Mike's ass, his fingers dipping into the wiry crack, and Mike tightens his ass, making the slabs hard, and Noah laughs into Mike's mouth.



He twists around under Noah, giving him his back, his ass, spreading his legs out across the mattress, feeling Noah's cock find the furred crack, the pinched hole. Noah rides the hairy rut, his dick rasping and leaking. It isn't right, he is thinking; it isn't right at all. But he seems unable to keep himself from sliding into that warm channel, finding the soft button of Mike's asshole, the plush pout of it that purses before it gives in, letting Noah in, taking the shiny slicked head. Noah gasps at the sudden heat of it, grasping Mike's huge shoulders and pushing himself deeper into the fire of the man's rectum. His lips kiss the back of Mike's neck, the knobby vertebrae, his sweet smelling hair, the warm incense of Mike's scalp. He shoves himself into the hole and drags himself back out, Mike's ass trying to follow the trajectory of Noah's derrick, rising to meet Noah's hips with an ass-smacking smack, receiving the long pole with a gentle grunt and a gripe and an expletive. His hands reach back behind him and he holds onto Noah's bucking ass, bringing him deeper, faster, slapping the tightened cheeks that are cold and uncovered.

"You're so good to me," he breathes, and Noah hears him. "You're so good to me." And Noah fucks him harder, faster, because he is not being good, not good at all, and he drives himself into Mike's ass with killing strokes, hips banging butt, gut sticking to the hairy patch. He pounds himself into Mike and



it almost hurts and he closes his eyes, forehead pressed between Mike's shoulder blades, hearing it again, Good, good -- and he grits his teeth at the tightening of his balls and the rush of his pulse and he spits when he comes, saying "Kevin, Kevin, Kevin," with each furious thrust and Mike takes them, jerking himself off onto his own sheets, getting up on his knees and bringing Noah up with him, thinking nothing at all.

The End

R J March lives in Reading, PA. A collection of his work, [Looking For Trouble; the Erotic Fiction of R.J. March](#) was released in the Spring of 1999. He is also anthologized in the upcoming Friction: Best Gay Erotica Vol. 3. Both are published by Alyson Books.  
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